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FROM

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JOHN O' ARNHA'

A TALE

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

THE MURDERIT MYNSTRELL,

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

GEORGE BEATTIE, Esq.,

OF MONTROSE.

NINTH EDITION

EMBELLISHED WITH ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD.

MONTROSE:
PUBLISHED BY JAMES WATT,
BOOKSELLER, STATIONER, AND PRINTER, HIGH STREET.

Wi' open mou', John stood an' gazed,
At once confounded and amaz'd;
His hair on end stack up like bristles,
Or like the heads o' burry thristles.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Prefatory Notice,	5
John o' Arnha',	7
Murderit Mynstrell,	52
The Bark,	56
Native Music,	60
The Dream,	61
Farewell Sonnet,	64

PREFACE.

THE Author of this singular poetical tale was a Montrose gentleman named George Beattie. Mr. Beattie was educated for the law, and practised in his native town, where he was much esteemed and beloved. Like other children of the "tuneful nine," he was independent, generous, and social in his disposition, and in him the suffering and distressed always found a sympathiser and friend. Endowed with a capacious fund of humour and very lively powers of conversation, his society was courted by all classes, and he never failed to kindle life and happiness in every circle in which he moved. He was fond of playing off innocent jokes on his friends or any of the "characters" of the town, and numerous are the anecdotes told illustrative of the happy equanimity of his temper and playfulness of his mind.

Mr. Beattie died on the 29th September, 1823, in the 38th year of his age. He was buried in the church-yard of St Cyrus, where a handsome monument has been erected to his memory. On the marble slab inserted in the monument in the form of a panel, there is engraved a neat and elegant tribute to the virtues and talents of the humorous and warm-hearted poet. The real name of the hero of Mr. Beattie's tale was John Findlay, native of a small place called Arnha', situated about twelve miles from Montrose. John had a wonderful opinion of his own importance, and, when speaking of himself, his mind apparently lost all sense of veracity, as he was in the custom of seriously relating extraordinary tales of his own prowess and hair-breadth escapes in foreign lands, though it was well known that he rarely, if ever, crossed the boundaries of Forfarshire.

John's eccentricity and unbelieveable tales no doubt suggested to Mr. Beattie the composition of his racy and comical story. The

hero was long one of the town's officers of Montrose, which situation he filled with a becoming sense of his dignity and importance, until the infirmities of age rendered him unfit for its duties, which, it may be added, were never of a very arduous description. John then retired upon a superannuation allowance, but up till the day of his death he wore the regimentals of the civic corps, and still considered himself a member of it. He was gathered to his fathers on the 11th day of October, 1829, at the patriarchal age of 90,—a fact which is duly noted on his tombstone.

There are a few still alive who knew John intimately, and they tell many quaint anecdotes of his public and private life, which shew that he was quite a character. John and his brother officers were not famed it seems for the observance of what wags call the "pump regimen," and they not unfrequently appeared before the court with a "wee drappy in their e'e." One day their mental obliviousness and struggles to preserve their equilibrium was so marked that one of the magistrates read them a lecture on temperance. During the course of his speech John stood straight, and with a grave reproachful countenance, looked at his brother officers as if they were alone the culprits, while now and then, as if anxious to enforce his worship's lesson, he called out "mind that, lads!" "Do you hear that, billies!" "I've been telling you that it would come to this o'd!" "Now that's fat ye deserve!" and so on, until the worthy magistrate lost all command of himself, and finished his admonition with a burst of laughter.

After the publication of Mr. Beattie's tale, the boys of Montrose used to torment John by loudly reciting the most comical couplets of it on the street, and they even constructed new ones applicable to other transactions which the poet had passed over. One night, John, while in his cups, quarreled with his wife, and to revenge himself on her, he went to the byre and cut a piece off the tail of the cow, which was a great favourite with Maidie, as his better half was called. Ever after this the little urchins were wont to follow John singing—

> "John, ae night, when he was fou,
> Cutit the tail frae Maidie's cow."

John during his earthly pilgrimage, was *five times* married, yet he quitted the world without contributing a single unit to its population. A friend was one day congratulating him on the multiplicity of his nuptial knots, and remarked, "Surely John, you must have got a guid deal o' tocher by your wives, when you've been five

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Or fill our brains wi' lies and fiction,
Else fouk will scunner at your diction.
I sing not of an ancient knight,
Wi' polished lance and armour bright;
Nor, as we say wi' book, bedeckit
In "iron cap and jinglin jeckit,"
High mounted on a champion steed,
Enough to fley puir fouk to deed—
Or modern Dux, wi' noddin' crest,
An' starnies glancin' on his breast—
Or garter wappin round his knee
To celebrate his chivalry—
Heroes fit for southern bardies!
Mine walks a-foot and weilds his gardies;
Or, at the warst, his aiken rung,
Wi' which he never yet was dung,
Unless by more than mortal foe—
By deamons frae the shades below,
As will be seen in proper time,
Provided I can muster rhyme.
  The valiant hero of my story
Now rang'd the fair in all his glory,
A winsome strapper, trim and fettle,
Courting strife—to show his mettle,
An' gain him favors wi' the fair—
For dastard coofs they didna care.
Your snools in love and cowards in war,
Frae maiden grace are banished far;
An' John had stak'd his life, I ween,
For favor frae a lassie's een,
Stark luve his noble heart had fir'd;
To deeds o' pith his soul aspir'd;
Tho' these, in distant climes, he'd shown,
'Twas meet to act them in his own.
  Now thrice he wav'd his hat in air;

Thrice dar'd the bravest i' the fair.
The Horner also wav'd his bonnet.
But wish'd belyve, he had na dune it;
For scarcely could ye counted sax,
Before a double round o' whacks
Were shoured upon his banes like hail,
Right, left, and centre, crack pell-mell—
Sair to bide, and terrible to tell.
The hardest head could ne'er resist
The fury of his pond'rous fist;
He hit him on the ribs sic dirds,
They raird an' rove like rotten girds;
His carcase too, for a' the warl'
Was like a butt or porter barrel.
Now John gaed round him like a cooper,
An' show'd himsel' a smart tub hooper;
Wi' mony a snell an' vengfu' paik
He gard his sides and midriff ake;
Upon his head-piece neist he hammert,
Until the Horner reeled and stammert
He cried out "Mercy! plague upon it!"
Up gaed his heels—aff flew his bonnet,
An raise to sic a fearfu' height,
It soon was lost to mortal sight.
Some said, that witnessed the transaction,
'Twas clekit by the moon's attraction,
Or nabbit by the fairy legions,
To whirl them through the airy regions.

Sonnet.

But where it gaed, or where it flew,
The fient ane either cared or knew.

Yet strange to tell, tho' very true,
Again it never cross'd his brow.
Nor ever kyth'd to mortal view.
Some said they heard it cry "adieu,"
As thro' the air, sic clear and blue,
It skim'd as quick as ony dow.
An' weel I wat to gie't its due,
It was baith sleekit and spleet new.
Of as good stuff as ever grew
Upo' the back of ram or ewe,
Or ever fendit rain or dew;
Well twisted out o' haimert woo—
Weel ca'd thegither and waukit too—
Weel dy'd and litit through and through;
The rim was red—the crown was blue!
But now its gane? Eheu! Eheu!!

And here maun end my dowie sonnet
Upo' the Horner's guid braid bonnet;
Weel wordy of mair lofty strains,
For hapin sic a head o' brains.

Still prone on earth the vanquish'd lay,
View'd by the rabble with dismay;
Now groaning, startit frae the ground,
And swore he'd have another round.
No sooner was this sought than granted,
The victor vow'd 'twas what he wanted.
Each took his ground—the ring was formed;
Wi' pain the Horner rav'd and storm'd;
His roofless pow, and gaucy face,
Show'd marks of ravage and disgrace;
Which added horror to his mien—
A grugous wight he was I ween.

The victor squar'd his manly figure,
An gard his gardies whizz wi' vigour.
They rent the air in every quarter;
He said, "My lad, ye've caught a Tartar;"
Syne wi' a most tremendous whup,
Again he turned the Horner up,
Till first his head, and neist his feet,
In turn came crack against the street;
Just like a squirrel in a cage,
Or mountebank upon a stage;
Wi' heels ower head, and head ower heels,
Ower barrows, benches, stands, and creels;
The mills and cutties flew like drift,
The vera stour rais to the lift;
The lasses, wi' amazement skirl'd,
As ower an' ower an' ower he whirl'd
Like whirlegig, or wheel a spinnin,
The spaiks were like to lift their linen.
The fair was now in dire commotion,
Raging like the roaring ocean:
Like hail the sweeties strewed the street,
"Come, hain your siller, pick an' eat,"
Was sounded through the busy crowd,
A signal eithly understood.
Rob M'Intosh, a Highland piper,
Wha thought the crap could ne'er be riper,
Wi' twa three gangrel ballad singers,
Began to ply their restless fingers.
"O hooly there ma bonny bairns,"
Quo' John, "haud aff your thivin irons."
He shook their doublets and their wallets,
An' gard his cudgel claw their pallets;
They threw their fangs, and flew for shelter.
Content wi' paiks to 'scape a halter.
Now wild huzzas, baith lang and loud,

Were yammert by the gapin crowd;
They cried, "O had he been alive
In seventeen hundred forty-five,
When Charlie Stuart, the vile Pretender,
Made moyen to be our Faith's Defender;
And marched his legions down our streets,
Withouten brichen, sheen, or beets.
He'd gar them flee like chaff and stubble,
And spar'd the English troops the trouble
Of stickin' baignets i' the throats
Of hunger-bitten Highland Scots."

He loes his king and country weel,
And sends Reformers to the deil.
Still as he swills the foamin' porter
He wishet each a full head shorter.

But Muse, I charge thee, hurry on,
An' let us frae the fair begone:
A bolder theme maun swell your lay,
A dreadful night succeeds this day,
As will be seen in proper time,
Provided I can muster rhyme!

The busy day drew to a close:
As soon as John had taen his doze
O' whisky punch and nappy ale,
Had smok'd his pipe, and told his tale,
He judg'd it far his wisest scheme
To streek his houghs and scamper hame.
He scorn'd to soak 'mang weirdless fellows,
Wi' menseless bazils in an alehouse;
Enough he deem'd as good's a feast;
That excess made the man a beast.
The lawin' paid, an a' thing snod,
He soon was skelpin' on the road;
Quick past the port and Dummie's Wynd,
The fleetest soon he left behind;

Neist by the loch and Rotten-raw,
An' up the Loan for Arnha'—
His native spot, his peacefu' hame.
The place from whence he took his name,
Now render'd famous by his fame.
An' now the weary westlin' sun
Had kiss'd the tap o' Catterthun;
His hin'most blink shone on the knowes,
The lazy mist crap in the hows:
The wind was lown, creation still,
The plover wail'd upon the hill;
The cottage reek raise to the sky;
The bat in silence flicker'd by;
And moth and beetle, foes to light,
Commenc'd their drowsy twillght flight;
The ploughmen, now their labour o'er,
Enjoy'd the balmy gloamin hour,
Right wazie wax'd and fou o' fun,
They whislet down the setting sun;
Some slyly slipt to meet their joes,
As they came tripping frae Montrose.
Ye pauky loons! hale be your hearts,
Weel ken ye how to play your parts;
For oft that gloamin', ere she wist,
Full mony a bonny lass was kist,
An' ran's if chas'd by bogles eerie.
But soon was clasp'd by her ain dearie;
Right blythe to find they were mistaen
They gae their kisses back again;
Shame fa' the saint wad ca't a crime,
Or deem't unmeet for prose or rhyme.
Now gradual shades of gloamin' grey
Crap gently o'er the partin' day;
The air was sweet—kind heav'n anew
Refresh'd the earth wi' pearly dew;

A balmy, soothing, silent shower,
That cheer'd ilk herb and fainting flower,
Frae morning scowdert i' the blaze
Of Phœbus' ever darting rays.
The hum of stragglers frae the fair
Came floating on the peacefu' air:
The Robin chantit, frae his spray,
A requiem to departed day,
In notes sae waesome, wild and sweet,
They'd gar'd a lightlied lover greet,
The blackbird whiselt deep and mellow:
A hollow voice cried—"John Finella!"
Now straight the hero turn'd him round
To see from whence the elrich sound:
When right a-head, an ancient dame
Kyth'd eerie through the twilight beam,
Upon a crummock staff she lent her,
Fast John came leeshin' up ahint her,
Her coatties past the knees were kiltit,
In eldrich notes she croon'd and liltit.

The Witche's Sang.

O why should my auld heart grow sair
To hear the lasses crumpin fair;
They'll hae their day, as I had mine:
Like me they'll think on auld langsyne:
For I've haen sweethearts o' my ain,
An' to be dautit I was fain:
They roos'd my glossy jet black hair,
But now my pow's baith lyart and bare;

"Guid ev'nin' to you, teethless granny;"
Quo John, "Ye're creepin' unco' eanny;
Ye're surely's auld's the devil's mither—
Come, streek your houghs, we'll gang thegither."

They praised my alabaster skin,
Alas! now wrinkelt, derf, and din,
They said my pauky een were bonny,
My mow as sweet as heather honey.
But now my een are blear'd and blin',
My mow concealed 'tween nose and chin:
Full eighty winters thick hae spread
Their cranreughs o'er my palsied head,
Out ower my crummock laigh I bend,
I'm wearin' to my journey's end;
I'm borne down wi' grief and care—
The load of life I scarce can bear.
A weather'd trunk; a leafless tree,
Is a' that now remains of me;
The days are gane that I hae seen
Now I maun hirple hame my lane,
Wilyard, waesom, will, and weary,
O what could make my auld heart cheery;
But wae betide them that wauken my wraith,
I rede them beware o' troubles and skaith;
For tho' I'm baith cripple and haflins blind,
They'll rin right fast that leave me behind.

—"Gude ev'nin' to you, teethless granny:"
Quo John, "ye're creepin' unco canny,
Ye're surely's auld's the devil's mither—
Come streek your houghs, we'll gang thegither,
For nane dare pass and leave auld wives
Unless they're weary o' their lives;
Yea! how came ye, my winsome dame,
To ken Finella was my name;
Unless, in compact wi' auld Nick,
Ye're come to play me some foul trick:
An' troth, I scarce believe ye're sterlin',
For vow ye are an ugly carlin."

Wi' hollow voice and accent cramp,
She stammert out—"You bloody scamp!
Your deeds before this time to-morrow,
Shall cost ye muckle dool an' sorrow:
And mony sad sights shall ye see,
Before in sleep ye close an e'e—
Your worthless carcass whilk ye brag on,
I winna leave a rotten rag on,
But strip ye straight frae head to heel,
Ye vaig, like skinnin of an eel,
For auld's I am, I can do wonders—
If I but wag my stick it thunders,
Lightens, rains, blows, hails, or snows,
Or ony weather you'll suppose:
A buckie I to sea can rig out,
And of an egg-shell make a frigate—
Nay, in a thimble skim the flood,
Provided it be made of wood:
Without a curpin, bit, or saddle,
Upon a broom-stick ride astraddle,
With which I cut the viewless wind,
An' a' thing earthly leave behind.
Wi' warlocks whirl at barley-brack:
Right round the warl', as round a stack:
Play hide and seek ahint the moon;
An' listen to her tenant croon—
Or mount up to the welkin's harns,
An' play bo-peep amang the starns!
Quicker than hail, by whirlwind driven,
I skim the milky-way of heaven,
Or send where northern streamers play,
Yet tread this earth ere break of day."
Thrice wi' her teethless chafts she mumpit,
While nose and chin on ither thumpit,
Thrice she wav'd her skinny hand,

And thrice invok'd the infernal band;
Thrice backwards round about she tutter'd
While to hersel' this leed she mutter'd—

"Frae the east—frae the west,
Thunner roar, lightnin blast;
Frae the south—frae the north,
Pour wind and water forth;
Will-o-wisps! wirrieknows!
Warlocks wi' your lyart pows,
At three quarters after ten,
Hover round auld Martin's Den.
Elspet, Mauzie, ho! ye hags,
Stride-legs o'er your broom-stick nags,
When the night grows rough and mirk,
Canter round auld Logie Kirk,
When ye hear the Kelpie howl,
Hie ye to the Ponnage pool;
There you'll see the Diel himsel'
Leaden' on the hounds o' hell,
Over mountain, muir, and dale,
Ghaists and spectres, wan and pale—
Riding on the roarin storm,
Dance in dread array before 'im;
The shadows rise! quick! quicker!!
The tempest brews! thick! and thicker!
Now it is time for me to bicker,
For oh! the charm is firm and sicker."

Wi' that her joints began to swacken,
Awa' she scoured like ony maukin;
Ower dykes and ditches swift she frisket,
Through bogs and mires she lap and whisket;
Sae featly did she wing her flight,
In a twinklin she was out o' sight.

Wi' open mou', John stood and gaz'd,
At once confounded and amaz'd;
His hair on end stack up like bristles,
Or like the beards o' burry thistles;
An' ay as on the road he stoitit,
His knees on ane anither knoitit.
Frail man, alack! but seenil thinks,
While round him fortune's sunshine blinks,
(And having reached that point of fame,
Securing him "a deathless name,")
That ere ae fleeting hour gaes past,
He may be streekit i' the blast;
Or lair'd, by spunkies, i' the mire,
To dree the water-kelpie's ire;
Hae a' his honours frae him torn,
And of his moughts, like Samson, shorn;
The agent too, mayhap the same,
Aye, sure in gender, not in name,
Which here is deem'd by much too long
Either to be said or sung.
A sudden gloom o'erspread the air,
Ilk creature seem'd oppress'd wi' fear,
The harmless bird crap to its nest,
And beasts o' prey retired to rest:
Black murky clouds began to muster,
And Boreas to rave and bluster;
The lightnin' twinkl'd i' the air
As yet wi' faint and feeble glare;
At distance too, the thunder grummelt,
An' thro' the welkin growl'd and rummelt,
The wind sough'd mournfu' thro' the trees,
Unearthly sounds swell'd i' the breeze;
Eftsoons the lightnings languid gleam
Blaz'd forth in sheets of livid flame,
And objects, shrouded deep in night,

Burst naked on the wond'ring sight;
On Loan-way path each whalebone post
Were instant seen and soon were lost;
And straight again the groaning trees
Kyth'd, feightin' wi' the balefu' breeze;
The thunder reir'd wi' furious thuds,
An' batter'd throw the lowerin' clouds,
Still clear an' clearer ilka flash,
Yet near an' nearer ilka crash;
The lightnin', thunder, wind, and rain,
Flash'd and roar'd, and dash'd amain;
And O how black the troubl'd air,
In absence of the lightnin's glare.
John crap alang. Towards the right,
He thought he spied a cottage light,
And steer'd his course in that direction,
Aneath its roof to seek protection:
But wearie fa' the faithless light,
It quickly vanish'd frae his sight,
And left him in an eerie swither,
Grampin' round, he kendna whether.
Again the fleetin' taper glanc'd
Again towards it John advanc'd:
It flar'd and flicker'd i' the wind,
Sometimes before, sometimes behind;
From right to left—from left to right,
It scatter'd a bewilderin' light,
An' in a wink the glimmerin' ray
Flash'd on his sight, then died away—
Ay, Willy-an-the-Wisp was there,
Shedding forth his nightly glare,
An' rousin' keen his fatal fire,
To wyle him to the weary mire.
John row'd our dykes, and lair'd in ditches,
Mutterin' malisons on witches.

Neist ower the plain, and down a hill,
He heard the clackin' of a mill,
Again the spunkie's wav'ring light
Discovert to his wildert sight,
In boiling wrath, the North-esk stream
Thudin onward, white wi' feam.
He heard a voice wi' muckle dool,
Croonin' in the Ponnage pool,
And this it said, or seem'd to say—
"Ah, willawins! alack for aye,
O sairs my back, an' sare my banes
Leadin' the Laird o' Marphie's stanes—
The Laird o' Marphie canna thrive
As lang's the Kelpie is alive."*
The thunder growl'd in lower tone,
As if to let the voice get on.
"God help ye! be ye friend or fae"
Quo' John, "it's wrang to use ye sae;
To me your grief ye needna tell
For, waes my heart, I'm waur mysel."
When, by the lightnin's glare, he saw
A sight surpassing nature's law,

* It is a well authenticated fact that on one occasion when the Kelpie appeared in the shape of a horse, he was laid hold of, and a bridle or halter of a particular description, fastened into his head. He was kept in thraldom for a considerable time, and drove the greater part of the stones for building the house of Morphie. Some sage person, acquainted with the particular disposition of the animal or fiend, or whatever he may be called, gave orders that at no time should the halter be removed, otherwise he would never more be seen. A maid servant, however, happening to go into the stable, from humanity she took out the halter, and laid some meat before the Kelpie, with the other horses, when he immediately went through the back wall of the stable, laughing, and repeating—"Sair back, &c. &c." No mark whatever was left in the wall. He has since taken up his abode chiefly in the Ponnage pool.

A stalwart monster, huge in size,
Did straight frae out the river rise;
Behind, a dragon's tail he wore,
Twa bullock's horns, stack out before;
His legs were horn, wi' joints o' steel,
His body like the crocodile,
On smellin' John, he gaed a scoil,
Then plunged and gar'd the water boil:
Anon he stood upon the shore,
And did for vengeance loudly roar.
Now John his painfu' silence broke,
And this in daring accent spoke:
"Stand aff, you fiend, and dread my wraith,
Or soon I'll steek your een in death;
Not you, nor a' the hounds o' hell
Can my undaunted courage quell."
When waving straight his club on high
That whiselt as it cut the sky—
"See ye, Sir, that gnarell'd aik,
Wi' which if I but gie ae straik,
Athort the shanks or owre the head,
I'd dye the North-esk river red,
And make at once the azure flood;
One purple stream of Kelpie's blood;
To show how easily I'll drub ye;
See, there I've flung away my club, ye,
For wi' my ain twa neives I'll smack ye,
Tho' a' the deils in hell should back ye;
Sae, therefore, if you to wish thrive,
Be stepping!—show your havins!—dive!!"
"Yelta billie," quo' the Kelpie,
"I carena for your threats—God help ye,
Gae bluster somewhere else, for here
Ye manna think to domineer—
If I but grip you by the collar,

I'll gar you gape, and glowr, and gollar,
An' thratch an' thraw for want of breath—
Ae squeeze o' that wad be your death."
When shakin fierce his horny paw,
He gae a wild and loud gaffa;
Raised sic a rutherair and clatter,
The red brae tummelt i' the water;
The brig across the North-esk river
Did echo back the sound and shiver.
Had Mary Brig been then I reckon
That brig had frae its centre shaken.
"It is but right your wraith to settle,"
Quo' John, "that you should know my mettle,
I'm weel ken'd here an' far awa—
My name is John o' Arnha,
I slew three hundred Dublin buchers,
For whilk I'm fit to show you vouchers;
I gar'd the pows flee frae their bodies,
Like nippin heads frae earl-doddies.
I've been through Hollan', Spain, and France,
And at Vienna learn'd to dance;
I tript it neat in silks an' satin,
An' to the damsels jabbert Latin;
This lingo here but few can speak it
Better than a pig could squeak it,
But gin ye only understand it,
Ye'll hear how nicely I mowband it—
Rummilforgan bardinarus
Hoo nig fig gnippiti gnarus
Drumhargelbargum skipperates——"
—The Kelpie scronnocht "Punctum satis!
Your crack-jaw words of half an ell,
That rumble like a witch's spell,
Are nae the leed of ony tongue,
That ever in a head was hung,

Sin lingo was confus'd at Babel;
They mind me of a turkey's babble."
Quo' John, "they're Latin, but by Jingo,
Yese get the rest in haimert lingo;
Sic themes were never made to suit
Your dozen'd lugs, ye duxy brute:
An' you that aye 'mang water buller,
How can you be a classic scholar!
In Africa I've preach'd to pagans,
At Coromandel danc'd wi' dragons;
On India's plains I've ruled mullatoes,
At Etna's flames, I've roas'n 'tatoes;
I've seen it spew its liquid lava
Owr a' Jerusalem and Java,
And rain, in hellish showers, its danders
On Holland, Poland, France and Flanders—
I in its wame heard Vulcan ruddy
Upon his triple tempert studdy
A limpin spaviet bruikit wight,
Wi' oily hide—a perfect fright;
He swat and yarkit wi' his hammer,
The sparks flew frae his steel like glamour;
Twa black, outlandish, gruesome fellows,
Were puffin at his smiddy bellows.
Upo' the right a mighty stove
For forgin thunder-bolts to Jove—
This night they'er whizzin thro' the sky,
Sae better to you mind your eye."
Said Kelpie, "that I'll take my chance on,
But faith, I sadly dread ye're scancin;
I mark him for a smeerless dolt,
Wha'd jouk t'eschew a thunderbolt;
Let rain descend and tempests roar,
I'll meet you on this dreary shore;
Though lightning blaze and thunder rattle,

I'm here prepared to give you battle—
I charge you, braggart, to prepare
For deeds of might—not words of air."
" I ne'er," quo John, " like some, grow vain.
Or fight my battles o'er again:
I only didna wish to cheat ye,
To raise your wrath and syne defeat ye;
It's meet, before the battle rage,
You ken the foe ye've to engage.
I scorn a' liars and their lies;
I've been on islands made o' cheese—
Cross'd lakes o' bladdo milk and whey,
As braid and deep as Forth or Tay,
Frae Caterthun to Copenhagen
I raid upon a fiery dragon,
(Right through the air like Sancha Pancha,
And brave Don Quixote de la Mancha)
Ten miles o' tail hung at his rump,
Compar'd to some 'twas but a stump.
Upon the sedgy banks of Nile
I've tiltit wi' the crocodile—
Wi' unicorns and aligators,
Fell tygers, elephants, and satyrs.
Like Hercules, the wale o' men,
I've dar'd the lion in his den;
When vengeance thro' my peepers glowr'd—
The stately monarch fawn'd and cowr'd;
An' creepin licket at my feet,
Like ony collie on the street.
Upo' the coast of Labrador
I've heard five hundred Kelpies roar—
Five thousand, faith—the deil ane fewer,
And each ten times as big as you are:
I offered battle to them a'—
The cowards yowl'd, and ran awa,"

(The Kelpie "grinn'd an eldrich laugh:"
An' rubb'd his hooves upo' the haugh.)
Quo John, "ye needna scrape an' nicher,
I'm neither fey nor waur o' licker—
I tell the truth—and hark ye sirrah,
I slew upon Del Fuega Terra,
A giant,* in height twal ell some inches,
An' sax between the oxter kinches;
Lang fresh he lay preserved 'mang snaw,
And frosty winds that there aye blaw—
But vultures picked his big banes bare,
And lined their nests wi's blood stained hair.
Compar'd to him ye're but a dwarf,
The wind o's neives had gard you swarf—
This very day too, i' the market,
Five hunder sturdy hides I yarkit—
Between the shore and Kittlenakit,
There's few but I baith pran'd and paikit—
Spar'd neither man nor mither's son,
Yea, claw'd the back o' Horner John!
Sae clean and snell the cracks I gaed 'm,
The heels flew ower the ugly head o'm—
And tho' ye be the Water-Kelpie,
I'll wade my whittle I sall skelp ye."
When castin's coat, he spat in's looves,
And bade the Kelpie use his hooves;

* This was an enormous Patagonian, that spread terror over the whole continent of South America. About five hundred Patagonians, armed cap-a-pee, waged war against him, and, after skirmishing for many years, he was at last routed, and in his flight leaped (or according to some, swam) across the Straits of Magellan to Terra del Fuega, upon which John was thrown five miles at one bound, from a vessel doubling Cape Horn, in a tremendous storm, where he and the giant came in contact, and after 355 onsets, John gave his flesh to the fowls of the air, who were hovering round, waiting the issue of the contest.

In dour conflict the parties clos'd,
Head to head—hands to hooves oppos'd;
Teugh was the tulzie, and for lang
Success in equal balance hang.
The Keplie tried wi' John to grapple,
But Arn caught him by the thrapple,
And gar'd his carcase sweep the stanners,
Whilk made a noise like corn fanners.
He puff'd and blew like ony whale—
He scour'd the water wi' his tail,
An' threush on John as wi' a flail.
John pran'd him down amang the mud,
And bade him lash his ain heart's blood,
That ran in torrents frae his side,
And chang'd the colour o' the tide.
The fiend, forjeskit tried to 'scape,
Through frequent changin o' his shape—
In various forms he did appear,
Sometimes a horse, sometimes a deer—
A wren—a hawk—a goose—a fox—
A tender lamb, a pond'rous ox—
A rav'nous wolf—a tim'rous hare—
A savage lion, or growling bear;
Then straight began to dive and frisk
Through and through the troubled Esk;
Row heel-o'er-head upo' the banks,
Wi' mony sic unseemly pranks,
An' nicker, bark, squeek, grunt, and gabble,
As he'd taen out's degrees at Babel:
But a' his airts could not avail him,
In every shape did John assail him—
And to ilk bellow, roust and roar,
He lustily cried out encore!
Till echo, from ten miles around,
Did to the horrid coil resound.

Now terror seiz'd the Kelpie's soul,
An' for assistance he did youl!
At's call anon hail legions drive
Like swarms o' bees frae out a hive:
Like midges after summer shower,
(Frail tenants of a fleeting hour;)
Or like the locusts sent on Pharoah,
Enough the stoutest heart to harrow
A thousand phantoms skimm'd the breeze,
"As thick as mites in rotten cheese;"
Not harmless spirits, boding luck,
Like Robin, Mustard-seed, or Puck;
Or brownies, ay discreet and civil;
But a' intent on working evil.
In wild array the warlock men
Held orgies in Saint Martin's Den;
Deep i' the glack, and round the well—
Their mystic rites I canna tell;
None form'd of flesh, e'er dar'd to scan
The secrets of their dark divan.
Towards the west auld Logie-kirk
Threw livid gleams athort the mirk;
The boards o' coffins fed the flames
(New houkit by the weirden dames),
Whilk, dipt in sulphur gaed them light
To hatch their spells by magic's sleight,
They blaz'd and crackelt i' the blast,
And round a gastly glimmering cast;
The last remains of human clay,
That in the grave's dark chambers lay,
Were turn'd up to the pale blue light;
The smell was loathsome—dire the sight;
And sculls and banes, and boards in cairns,
Lay scatter'd round amo' the ferns.
The hags, wi' mony a "horrid stave"

Gaed whiskin' round ilk harriet grave.
The corbies scraigh't—owlets scream'd;
A gousty cawdron boil'd and feam'd,
In which the beldames, eident, threw
Ingredients hideous to the view;
An' ay's they steer'd them wi' a thivel,
They mummelt "crowdy for the devil."
And for a thivel they did use
A sturdy stump o' knotty spruce,
Wi' whilk a son came crash, O vow,
Outowr his father's bare auld pow!!
An' still the faithfu' bark retains
The sacreligious sinfu' stains
Of lappert blood and human brains.
The thunder roar'd—the sweeping blast
Their reekit, riven rags, blew past,
An' show'd their parchment threw the glim,
Reistit, squalid, swarth, and grim:
The skin hang down in shrivell'd flaps,
Like spleuchins o'er their teethless chaps;
Thro' skinny lips their blasted breath
Mix'd wi' the wind, and smelt of death,
A waesum, wild, wanliesum sight,
Enough to quench the fires of night,
And blanch the lightning's livid light,
Nae "winsome wench" was there, I ween,
Like Cutty Sark to cheer the scene,
But blackest horror reigned profound,
And threw its veil o'er all around.
Wi' breathless terror, and with awe,
John spied what cow'd him warst ava';
The Dame wha gae him sic a fright,
An' frae the Loan-head took her flight;
The hag that vow'd to work his ruin,
And set the hurricane a brewin;

"Elspet, Mause, fatal sisters,
Of the thread o' life the twisters"—
She cried, "Come quickly, let us brew
Frae hemlock, helebore, and yew;
And by the cauldron's paley leam
We'll do the deed without a name;
Let each fling in her darge of death,
To 'nick the thread and chock the breath,'
But are ye sure he hasna pass't."

ELSPET.
I smell the braggart i' the blast.

MAUZIE.
Then, sisters, here's a bishop's gizzard—
The tongue of Michel Scott the wizzard.

GRIZZEL.
Three yaldrin's eggs, wi' devil's blood;
Five draps in each ere since the flood.

MAUZIE.
Three brandert bats, weel stew'd and slic'd,
Wi' stour o' dead men's eyne weel spic'd.

ELSPET.
Twa Howlet's een—a Corbie's maw;—

GRIZZEL.
The Gullet of a Hoodie Craw.

MAUZIE.
Scum the cauldron—feed the fuel—
Come, steer about the smervy gruel.

ELSPET.
The liver of an unspean'd kitten—

MAUZIE.
The thumb of Faustus' doddy mitten.

GRIZZEL.
The kaim and bells of Cock that crew
Ere morning night's black curtain drew.

ELSPET.
The dying drops by Voltaire sweaten.
The gagger lip o' Card'nal Beaton.

MAUZIE.
From wand of Sidrophel a sprig—
Three curls of Justice Jeffrie's wig—
Wi' nine draps of his black heart's gore,
Extracted frae the very core.

GRIZZEL.
Weel done Mauzie, that's a spell
Wad conjure a' the deils in hell;
Pour the heart's blood, drop and drop;
See how it flares upo' the top!
Three an' three, an' three mak nine,—
Steer about the hellish brine."
They scummed the cauldron, fed the fuel—
They steer'd and preed the smervy gruel.
The mair they steer'd the mair they preed
The mair increased their hellish speed.
They flang and lap, an' lap and flang—
Fleat and yammert grat and sang—
Flew owr and owr the dreary biggin,
An' raid stride-legs upon the riggin,
O mercy! what a shameful sight—

A stalwart monster, huge in size,
Did straight frae out the river ri se;
His legs were horn wi' joints o' steel,
His body like the crocodile.

The bats and howlets scream'd wi' fright;
Wi' mony wild, unearthly cry,
They shirr'd alang the blazing sky.
Wicked hags abhorr'd and shameless,
Your ither pranks shall here be nameless;
For vow! your cantrips to hae seen
Had petrified a priest to stane;
An' flesh wad creep to hear it utter'd,
The sinfu' jargon that ye mutter'd.
Ay, legs wad totter—knees wad bend—
Blood leave the cheek—hair stand on end—
Cauld sweat distill—the bleach'd lip quiver—
The hail machine wad shake and shiver;
Eyne wildly stare, and stout hearts fail,
To hear sae strange, sae wild a tale.
The vagrant dead, a gloomy host,
Now march'd frae "Pluto's dreary coast,"
And onward scour'd, in waefu train,
The shades of those wham John had slain.
Three hundred fleeting forms, and more,
A' grim in death an' soil'd wi' gore;
Goblins whinnert thro' the air
Wi' chowlin chafts and burnin hair;
Gruesome fiends, black, gruff, and grim,
Weel charg'd wi' brumstane to the brim—
Daemons, dragons, spectres dire,
Spewin reek, an' riftin fire;
An' grizly ghaists, and "devils damn'd,"
Wi' liquid fire and sulphur cram'd,
Flew to the spot, and full in view
Danc'd round poor John th' infernal crew,
New murder'd corses skimm'd the heath,
Wat wi' the cauld dew-draps of death;
They glided past like snaw or sleet,

Their faces pale's their winding sheet;
Some glowr'd an' thrash'd, in deadly thraws,
Wi' death fix'd eyne and open jaws;
Sine glampit at the vacant air,
An' vanish'd wi' the lightning's glare.
Now grimly kyth'd amang the crew
"The master-fiend that Milton drew."
He dought appear in ony shape,
Down frae a Titan to an ape,
Or as his whimsies might prevail;
Up frae an emmet to a whale;
Or less or bigger far than either,
Or in nae shape ava' thegither:
That night, albeit, wi' solemn air,
He fill'd the judge's sacred chair;
To meet out justice to his lieges,
His gravity was most prodigious:
Wi' specks on nose, an' three-tail'd wig,
The wary fiend loom'd bluff and big.
Dark lurid clouds around him hung,
And vengeance hurtl'd on his tongue.
His wig, wi' sulphur powder'd well,
In ringlets o'er his shoulders fell
Upon a robe of sable hue
Made frae the stuff that never grew;
That ne'er was spun by mortal hand,—
The produce of another land!
The forkit lightning form'd his chair,
His bench, a murky cloud of air,
Condens'd in form, it stood before 'm
Chief Justice of th' infernal Quorum.
Swith wi' ae glance the motely crew
Were rang'd within his eagle view.
Alack-a-day! waesuks for John!
His mergh an' mettle now are gone;

Courage, vigour, might and glory,
Are fleeting all, and transitory;
Naething steady here is found—
The very earth itsel' flees round,
Just like a tap, or whirliegiggin,
That fouk can scarcely keep its riggin,
But are in danger, O Gude guide us!
Of being toss'd on Georgium Sidus!
Forc'd to a comet's tail to cling,
Or whirl'd round on Saturn's ring.
Nae man can be a man for ever,
The hour is come, and John maun shiver,
And shake like willow wi' the wind,
Or Quaker after having sinn'd;
For wha cou'd feight wi' forms of air,
Or ware their flesh, on banes sae bare—
An' weel kend he, it was nae joke
To tig wi' fiends that vomit smoke;
Or yet wi' wirriekows to mingle,
That brimstane belsh, or book up ingle,
He stood aghast, in waefu' case,
Wi' donten heart and ruefu' face,
Tho' still he strove his fears to hide,
He thought upon his ain fire-side;
How neighbour Tam, secure frae harms,
Lay sound asleep in Elspa's arms,
While he was daidelt like a wonder,
Drench'd wi' rain, and deav'd wi thunder;
And piercing wind, and lightning's sheen,
Were like to blind his lookin e'en;
In danger, too, at ilka breath,
Of being "clad in his last claith;"
For sic a crew wad thought nae sin
To "brize his saul ayont the skin;"
Or lang before the night was done,

To douk him deep in Acheron.
Ohon! for man's uncertain state!
What waes on life's grim journey wait!
What danger are we doom'd to brave
"Between the cradle and the grave!"
The chieftain now, wi' yell and whoop,
To order call'd his grizly troop;
"Thrice he youl'd thro' lungs of leather,"
To bring the ghastly band thegither.
This done—for music loud he roar'd;—
A sullen voice growl'd—"Yes, my Lord;"
And in a wink before him stood
A figure neither flesh nor blood.
At first the mirk obscur'd its form;
It hovert dimly through the storm,
And whisper't John, "Know, to your cost
I am the Pategonian's ghost,
Whom you on Terra Fuego slew,
Musician to this hellish crew.
If I had only play'd my spring,
I'll gar your ribs, you rascal, ring,
As ye did mine upon Cape Horn—
Ye'se never see the light of morn."
When lo! a flash of livid light
Unveil'd him quickly to the sight.
He towr'd aloft just like a steeple,
Or say, like Saul, aboon the people;
His eyne were dismal, hollow sockets,
"As empty as a poet's pockets;"
I mean a poet in days of yore,
For now they've gowd an' gear galore;
But muses vile, their lays inspire,
When Pegasus is rode for hire!
Howe'er so sweet they spring from art,
Gowd fires the head, but chills the heart.

Sae fares it, Wattie Scott, wi' you,
Ye "piper to the bold Buccleugh:"
Ye "Screw your pipes an' gar them skirl,"
Till siller frae our pouches birl.
Ye write baith in an out of season,
Three verse for ryhme to one for reason.
It's true your lines rin smooth an' clink weel;
But oh, you like the bookman's clink weel.
As soon's ye clench each flowing line,
Twa gowden guineas clink and shine:
They charm your ear, they charm your eye,
"With all a poet's ecstacy."
Heavenly music, heavenly fire,
Eneugh auld Plutus to inspire,
Or gar the Devil streek his lyre;
E'en poesy draw from Turks and Jews,
For gowd may sometimes fee a Muse.
O shame upon your venal lyre,
It heats my very blood to fire,
To hear your fulsome partial praise
Peal'd through "Don Rod'ricks" lofty lays!
There living heroes ride sublime
Upon the surge of flowing ryhme!
But weary fa' your tunefu' tongue,
The dead lie silent and unsung;
Wi' foreign mools deep cover'd o'er
Upon Corrunna's dreary shore.
Belike they manna grace thy page
That canna yield thee patronage.
I grudge not WELLINGTON his fame:
I grudge not BERESFORD a name—
Or "glory to the gallant GRAEME,"
But should not every honour due
Be paid the dead, and living too?
By heaven, I swear, ye're sair to blame,

That Moore should "rest without his fame,"
How could you, Scott, forget the grave
Where sleeps the ashes of the brave?
But yet, Sir, glory's wreath shall bloom
Around his hallow'd, silent tomb,
And streaming eyes shall view the spot,
When "Roderick's Vision" is forgot.
You seek the court, and flee the lawn;
To wealth you cringe—on power you fawn:
Pour incense at the courtier's shrine,
Wi' you, the great are aye Divine,
You dinna "sing to village churls,
But to high dames and mighty earls."
Then sing, sir, to the Rich—the Great—
The proper gudgeons for your bait;
Help Southey wi' his Birth-day Odes,
Make princes Angels, victors Gods;
And as you greet the royal ears,
Forget not, oh! to "rend the spheres!"
And give them honour, grace and glory,
As I do in this humble story.
For you to fawn sae, 'tis a shame!
Indeed, poor Southey's nae to blame:
For wha could Laureate be appointit
That wadna' laud the Lord's anointit—
His ministers an' a' their measures,
The pomp of princes and their pleasures;
That wadna' gloss ilk public grievance,
And screen the hireling of St. Stephen's.
Nay, laud a spy, or ruthless jailor—
But wae betide thee, "Watty Tyler!"
Thou'st laid the Laureate on his back,
An' gard him shiver for his sack;
It's true, dear Bays, and well you know it,
Yet still you are a pretty poet;

I therefore pray thee to excuse
The havins of a hamely muse;
She ne'er was taught finesse or fawning,
Like Castlereagh and Mister Canning.
It's easy for the "best of kings"
To deal about his straps and strings,
And ony courtly cringing wight
To dub a Marquis or a Knight;
Or to create, by the same rule,
A Renegade his poet and fool!
A sordid elf, to pipe for pay:
In politics the Priest of Bray!
But can he mak' an HONEST MAN?—
Ah! sorrow fa' me if he can?
So sang the Bard now dead and gone—
POOR BURNS! Apollo's dearest son!
"'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
His humblest reed could more prevail—
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all that charms this laggard age."
Yet still a narrow-minded few,
A feeble, canting, creeping crew,
Conspire to blast his honest fame,
And heap reproaches on his name;
Because, alas! the Bard has shown
Far finer feelings than their own.
He was na' just a saint like Southey,
That never sinn'd, nor yet was drouthy
What tho' he lik'd a social glass—
What tho' he lo'ed a bonny lass?
He ne'er disgrac'd his well strung lyre,
By chanting balderdash for hire;
Nor roos'd he ony courtly elf,
Or bow'd the knee for warld's pelf.
The mavis, as she hails the morn,

The speckl'd gowd-spink on the thorn,
The lark, on dewy pinions borne,
Pour forth their lays for sic reward
As did their kindred rural bard;
Ae kindly blink of Jeanie's e'e
O'erpaid him for his minstrelsy.
His tale is told, his song is sung—
Deaf is his ear, and mute his tongue;
The pigmies now may safely rail—
He canna answer for himsel';
And if he dought, wha wad hae dar'd
To tamper wi' the mighty Bard?
It wad be folly in a wren
To beard the lion in his den.
Wae worth the Bard, again I say,
That sings for guerdon, or for pay.
Now, by my fay, I'm going bonny on,
I'd maist forgot the Patagonion;
Like Butler, wi' his bear and fiddle,
I've left the subject i' the middle;
But to my story now I'll fast stick;
I manna fa' the Hudibrastick.
Well, soaring o'er the squalid host,
We left the giant's grimly ghost:
Like the oak above the underwood,
In majesty the spectre stood.
His banes were bare, and bleach'd like linen,
While ev'ry art'ry, nerve, and sinnen,
Were screw'd in concert, flat and sharp,
To whistle like the Æolian harp,
Ilk tendon, taught like thairm, was lac'd—
Twa wounds, seem'd sound holes, on his breast;
And as the wind at times fell low,
Or ceas'd a hurricane to blow,
His fingers then supplied the blast,

As o'er the twanging chords they past;
And neither thunder, rain, or fire,
Could e'er untune that awsome lyre.
As soon's he rear'd him to the storm,
His shrivell'd fibers 'gan to mourn;
And frae his hollow trunk soon came out
A' the notes upo' the gamut.
First dismal sounds of deep despair
Burst hollow on the troubelt air,
Join'd by the minstrels' vocal tones—
Unearthly wails, and dolefu' groans;
The air was sad—the key was low—
The words were wild—the measure slow.
Anon he trill'd it, light and airy,
Sweet as the harp of ony fairy,
When lightly tript the tiny crew
O'er hillocks green, and tipple dew:
As if to show his lyric skill,
And that the tones were at his will:
But voices grummelt, "Please your honour,
We canna' hear him for the thunner!"
When Sathan bellow'd, fierce with ire—
"You duxy lubber, brace your lyre!
Still higher yet! you fiend, play higher!!"
Now, swith wi' vir, he whirl'd him round,
An hideous instrument of sound!
His fleshless fingers swept the lyre
With all a minstrel's force and fire:
Oh, then indeed! the coil began,
Sic sounds ne'er reach'd the ear of man:
From right to left, before, behind,
He flung his music on the wind:
In whispers, sighs, loud yells and screams,
Such as are heard in devils' dreams;
Eldrich, eerie, uncouth strains,

That turn'd a' their heads and brains:
Till midnight hags did round him gallop!
An' gard their wither'd hurdies wallop!
Hobgoblins round and round him whirl'd,
Ald grey-beard warlocks lap an' skirl'd,
Pou'd the hair frae ithers pallets,
And tore, in wraith, the witches' callets;
The lightnin flash'd—the wind blew sharper!
Louder squeel'd the fleshless harper!
O'er treble height he rais'd his lays,
The thunder growl'd a double base!
Till swith inspir'd by his ain lyre,
He up an' till't himself like fire—
Hurra'd, an' cheer d, an' feez'd his chanter,
An' lap, like Meg to Rob the Ranter!
Shook his brainless skull in passion,
And roar'd like ony bull o' Bashan.
As thro' the mazy dance he whirlt,
The vera ground below him dirlt.
Still loud and louder howl'd the storm—
The Harper skirlt up "Tullochgorum;"
Follow'd fast by "Callum Brogie,"
"Delvin Side," and "Boat o' Logie,"
Wi' vengefu' vir. and norlan' twang,
Till a' his banes and fibers rang;
An a' the devils in a ring
Yarkit up the Highland fling;
They yell'd and whiskit round and round,
And duntit wi' their paws the ground;
"The vera moudieworts were stunn'd:"
E'en Sathan seem'd to enjoy the sport,
He cried, "My hearties, that's your sort,
Come, keep it up, my jolly boys!
Nor let me interrupt your joys:
I'll wad it suit my robes and wig,

To whirl in a waltz or jig;
But be assur'd, neist haly night,
I'll skelp it up wi' a' my might,
Fandangoes, 'jigs, strathspeys, and reels,'
Ay, till the fire flee frae my heels."
The Assembly echoed their applause,
And cheer'd him thrice wi' loud huzzas!
The vera ghaists play'd antic pranks;
They screight an' shook their spyndle-shanks!
An' lent each other ruthless paiks
Athort the bare and merghless spaiks;
While still, at ilka thud and sough,
They cried "weel done!—hey!!—hilloa!!!—
whoogh!!!!"
Clappit their wither'd hands an' leugh,
'Till, 'mid the din of dance and battle,
Their banes were heard for miles to rattle,
Beatin' time, expert and nimble,
Douff like drum, and snell like cymble;
An' aye's they fell to crockinition,
Their wizzent timbers stour'd like sneishin!
An' flew, in cluds athort the lift,
As choakin' thick as yowden drift.
Puir John was fain to clear their range, or
Sooth his ribs had been in danger:
For mony a time, when eident loupin,
They slyly tried heels up to coup 'im;
An' fidgin fain to try his mettle,
Did mony a lerrup at him ettle;
But Belzie bade them stand aloof,
Till of his guilt they brought some proof.
When, lo! a Spectre, lank and pale,
Advanced to tell his waefu' tale—
Wi' mony a scar his visage frown'd,
His bosom gash'd wi' mony a wound;

His eyne were out, but thro' the sockets
The lightnin play'd like Congreve rockets!
His maughtless hands on's thigh-bones clatter'd,
His fleshless jaws on ither chatter'd:
The wind sang thro' his sapless form,
Which rockit to the roarin storm,
And issuing mony a dreary sound,
Join'd concert with the scene around.
"Grim King of brimstane, soot, and fire,"
He said, "I come at your desire;
An allagrugous, gruesome spectre,
A' gor'd and bor'd, like Trojan Hector:
How slim and shrivell'd is that corpos,
That ance was plump as ony porpos!
In darkness, and on whirlwinds borne,
On me ne'er blinks the light of morn;
Nor zyphers blawn by breath of day,
Can on my pallid carcase play;
My flesh, devour'd by hungry worms,
Has left my banes to dree the storms
Of wind and rain and fires, you see—
O mercy! what will come of me."
He shook, convuls'd, and strove to cry—
His tears were drain'd—the source was dry:
The rain ran down his cheek-banes clear,
Unmingl'd wi' ae briny tear;
His moisture a' was drunken up,
And bitter, bitter, was his cup;
Deep frae his breast came mony a groan,
He paus'd a while, and then went on:
"Ance dear to me the morning ray—
Ance dear the radiant beams of day;
And sweet the gloamin's purple gleam
That dy'd the bosom of the stream:
But now, maist welcome to my sight

The darksome hues of dreary night,
And a' that nature's face deforms,
Dire earthquakes, famine, fire, and storms
I carena though this globe should moulder,
An' a' creation gae to sculder!"
To whom the chief—"Your murmers cease!
I see the hardship of your case:
But this is not the point in hand—
Come, tell me quickly, I command—
Upon your oath—if that's the man
Who circumscribed your mortal span?"
(His right hand, pointing straight to John,
Who clos'd his eyes, and heav'd a groan.)
He swore—then said, "May I be scourg'd
If I am not of malice purg'd,
And eke revenge, and partial counsel,
Albeit the brute has used my sconce ill;
Wi' mony words I winna deave ye,
Mark down "depones affirmatively."
Syne chowl'd his chanler chafts at John,
And vanish'd wi' a dolefu' groan.
John chowl'd again—and cried, "I scorn ye,
Ye shadow of a sly attorney;
If such as you I'd only slain,
My arm had ne'er been rais'd in vain."*
Swith, wi' a how and hollow sound,
A figure startit through the ground,
And rais'd baith yird and stane upright:
O vow! it was an awsome sight,
A headless trunk, in anguish, stood,
Sair bor'd wi' wounds, and smear'd wi' blood:

* During a disturbance in one of our western boroughs the hero slew amongst others a town-clerk and three writers. From the technical mode of delivering his evidence, it is presumed this witness must have been the shade of one of these unfortunate limbs of the law.

Ae arm a stump—the ither bore
The gausty pallet, grim wi' gore.
He loutit him, wi' due respeck,
An' toutit thro' his hummel neck:
His speech was eldrich and uncouth,
'Cause, losin's head, he'd lost his mouth:
He spake a language rough, and rude,
Yet he was eithly understood.
The Judge exclaim'd—"Enough! retire!
And hark ye, raise a rousin fire!"
He flang at John the gory pow,
An' disappeared a' in a low.
The Harper in a mornfu' strain,
Sang how by John he had been slain;
And how he lay upon Cape Horn,
His flesh by rav'nous vultures torn;
Sang how they pick'd his banes sae bare,
And plucket frae his pow the hair
To nestle saft their savage young,
A dowie sang as e'er was sung.
An' how, without a' earthly motion,
His ghost had cross'd the Atlantic ocean,
Five thousand miles frae his cauld hame,
Swift gliding o'er the saut sea faem;
While, as he skim'd the sea along,
He harpit to the Mermaid's song;
And he harpit high, and he harpit low,
As the air was calm, or the wind might blow;
Until his will and weary ghost
Came bump against the Scotian coast;
And soon by the breeze frae the land he smelt
It was there where his bloody murderer dwelt.
More he said 'twas bootless to tell,
The rest was known to Nick full well!
Here the Justice nodded assent,

And harping, away the Minstrel went.
The Kelpy likewise gae his aith,
That John had tried to stap his breath,
An' did misguide him past assistance.
Now mony a gaunt and shadowy form
Rode hideous on the roaring storm;
In grim procession, rank and file,
Their line extended mony a mile;
They pointed to their gaping wounds,
And skim'd alang wi' eerie sounds:
As each pass'd John in sad review,
The blood stream'd frae his wounds anew,
Which plainer told than words might tell,
'Twas by his murd'rous hands they fell.
Like vision in a Prophet's dream,
The Chief bestrode the North-esk stream;
Ae foot in Mearns, and ane in Angus
(Lord keep sic gentry out amang us!):
Colossus-like, he towr'd on high,
Till, wi' his wig, he brush'd the sky;
Then loud as thunder, roar'd out "Havock!"
The sound rung thro' the hill of Garvock;
O'er Marykirk and Coble-heugh,
And down the dale wi' hollow sough;
While Craigo woods, and Martin's Den,
Re-echoed "havock" back again;
Loud howl'd the yawning caves of night;
The watch-dogs yirr'd and yowl'd wi' fright;
The foxes wildly yowl'd wi' wonder,
And whing'd, and cowr'd, and left their plunder.
The timid teuchit slouch'd its crest,
And cuddled closer to its nest;
The watchfu' mate flaf'd i' the gale
Wi' eerie screech and plaintive wail,
Now soar'd aloft now scuff'd the ground,

And wheel'd in many an antic round;
The trouts div'd deeper i' the brook,
The hare, like ony aspin, shook,
And mortals quack'd on beds of fear
As echo pierc'd the drousy ear;
Their rest disturb'd—they wist not how,
The clammy sweat stood on their brow;
They heard the wind and beating rain,
An' dover't o'er asleep again.
Wi' mony a sigh and dolefu' grane,
John gazed stramulyert on the scene:
Dim wax'd the lustre o' his e'e,
He guess'd the weird he had to dree;
Ilk creature's dread 'twere vain to tell,
E'en frae the benmost bores o' hell,
The damn'd rebellow'd back the yell!
Like lions prowlin' for their food:
Or tygers bath'd in human blood:
Grim furies spread their forkit fangs
An' drove at John wi' furious bangs;
Neist witches claught him in a crack,
An' rove the duds frae off his back:
The spunkies round his hurdies hirsel'd,
Till's vera hide was peel'd and birsl'd,
Wi' wicked glee the warlocks dous'd him,
And splash into the river sous'd him,
Oh! never sin he first was cradelt,
Was John sae sadly dung and daidelt.
Again they trail'd him to the shore—
For mercy he began to roar:
In turn the Kelpie cried "Encore!
Mercy, surely, ha, ha, te, hee!
Sic mercy as you show'd to me!
Sic mercy as you show'd the Bouchers—
Ow whares your latin now and vouchers,

Grim furies spread their forkit fangs,
An' drove at John wi' furious bangs :

Neist witches caught him in a crack,
An' roove the duds frae aff his back.

Your fiery dragons and mullatoes,
Your burnin mounts and roas'n 'tatoes!
Your silks and satin, fibs, and scancin',
Your airy flights and foreign dancin';
We hae ye, Billy, i' the grip,
And damn the dog that lets ye slip:
As lang's the blood rins i' your veins,
Or, while there's flesh upon your banes:
You never mair shall see your hame—
Nay, from the book of life your name,
Before the cock proclaim the morn,
Is doom'd to be eras'd and torn."
Now fierce each miscreated form
Career'd upon the midnight storm,
Around their prey wi' ghastly grin,
And stunn'd his ears wi' horrid din:
They gnash'd their teeth, an' spat an' snor'd—
Some squall'd like cats—some hoarsely roar'd—
The wildest howls, compar'd to theirs
Might seem the music of the spheres.
Earth trembl'd thrice: another shake
Had clear'd the cuff of Atlas' neck,
And launch'd this mighty Ball apace,
To range the bounds of endless space,
It cogl'd thrice, but at the last
It rested on his shoulders fast.
Still, huge in stature, stood the Chief,
Like Lochnagar, or Teneriffe:
When clouds upon their summits lie,
They seem to prop a low'ring sky:
He loudly howled,—"Ye furies catch him,
And to the sooty regions snatch him:
Swith do your work—flay, blast and burn,
The hour that severs night from morn
Is on the wing, and soon ye'll hear

The silver voice of Canticleer;
Then haste, before the dawn of day
Deprive us of our lawful prey:
Come, clapperclaw him while ye may."
Now a' the crew prepared at ance
To shower a volley on his banes,
And peal'd forth such an awsome yell—
He swarf'd wi' fear, and senseless fell
Upon the sward wi' hollow groan,
And lay as cauld and still's a stone:
While, in their reckless random speed,
To number him amang the dead,
The fiends row'd owr him where he lay,
And grappelt ither for their prey.
But, ere he met his final doom,
Aurora peep'd athwart the gloom;
The grey cock clapp'd his wings and crew—
The Harper loud a parley blew;
The morning air sang i' the blast:
The hour of retribution's past.
And Helter-skelter, swift aff flew;
The deil an' a' the infernal crew;
They scream'd—they vanish'd frae the sight,
Like empty visions of the night.
The bleeding shadows of the slain
Fast glided to their graves again,
A' cauld and pale as snaw flakes driven
Athwart the dusky arch of Heaven,
When winter waves his frozen spear,
And sternly rules the "varied year;"
And wing'd, with speed, the fiendish host
Betook them to another coast;
But what that coast or where it lay,
Is not for silly Bard to say.
And now the thunder ceased to roar,

The forked lightning flashed no more ;
Rain ceased to fa'—the wind to breathe,
And a' was calm and still as death—
A', save the rushing of the stream,
And past events seemed like a dream.
No farther light the record gives,
Save that the valiant hero lives—
A pilgrim on this mortal stage,
And has attained a good old age ;
That it has been his happy lot
Five times to tie the nuptial knot ;
To be the spouse of five sweet flowers
As ever blushed in bridal bowers—
A dire reproach to every dunce
That never graced the altar once,
Lang may he live, unvex'd with care :
"None but the brave deserve the fair ;"
Lang may he live, baith hail and sound,
And never feight another round,
"Till Death slip sleely on, and gie the hinmost wound."

THE

MURDERIT MYNSTRELL.

How sweetly shone the morning sunne,
Upon the bonnie Ha'-house o' Dun:
Siscan a bien and lovelie abode
Micht wyle the pilgrime aff his roade;
But the owners' hearte was harde as stane,
And his Ladye's was harder still, I weene.
They ne'er gave amons to the poore,
And they turnit the wretchit frae thair doore;
Quhile the stranger, as he passit their yitt
Was by the wardowre and tykkes besett.
Oh their livit there ane bonnie Maye,
Mild and sweet as the morning raye,
Or the gloamin of ane summeris daye:
Hir haire was faire, hir eyne were blue,
And the dimples o' luve playit round hir sweet mou:
Hir waiste was sae jimp, hir ankil sae sma,
Hir bosom as quhyte as the new-driven snawe
Sprent o'er the twinne mountains of sweet Caterthune,
Beaming mylde in the rayes of a winterie sunne,
Quhair the myde of a fute has niver been,
And not a cloud in the lift is seen;
Quhen the wind is slumb'ring in its cave,
And the bark is sleeping on the wave,
And the breast of the ocean is as still
As the morning mist on Morven Hill.
Oh sair did she rue, baith nighte and daye,
Hir hap was to be this Layde's Maye.
Ae morning a Myn strell, aged and poore,

Came harping to this Ha'-house doore:
His heart seemed light, thoch his hewit was bare:
And spairlie covert wi' thinne quhyte haire;
His bearde adown his bosome fell
Streaming like snowe in a winterie gale.
Sae sweet and blythsome was his laye,
The gowd-spink dancit upon the spraye;
The lint-quhyte chirpit frae the busch,
And sweitlie sang the lark and the thrusch;
Quhyle dyght in grein, the fairie crewe
Dancit frae the grass the morning dewe:
For the dæmons of nighte had taken their flighte
As soon as they saw the morning lighte,
And ghaistis hade left the drearie yew;
Oh they trippit sae lightlie over the lea,
Thair nymble feet scant mocht ane see:
Thair doubletts were grein, as grein mocht be,
And they shonne in the sunne lyke the Spainzie flee.
And aye the Mynstrell harpit and sang,
Till his notes thro' ilka chamber rang:
Thoch decrepit, forlorne and raggid was he,
There was merghe in his fingers, and fyre in his e'e;
Thoch his voice it was broken, and tremmult full sore,
He sung Caledonia's battels of yore;
Hir mountains sae wylde, and her sweet smyling playns,
And the graces and luves of hir nymphs and hir swayns.
He brushit the wyre wi' mickle glee;
He lyltit his notes righle merrilie,
As giff nae dolowre michen he drie.
The Ladye of Dun scho rang her bell—
"Quhat noyse is thiss—pray quicklie tell;
Quhat means this lylting and deray?
Bonnie-like rippit thiss, by my fay."
—"A Mynstrell, Madam, aged and poore,"
Quod the Damischell, "is harping at the doore;

And oh, my Ladye, I'm wae to see him,
And wishe I had only somethyng to gie him,
For his doublette is raggid, his hewit is bare,
And the wind sings thro' his thinne quhyte haire;
Albeit his layes be blythesome and sweit,
He hasna a bachel to cover his feit."
—"Harping at this tyme of the morn,
Upon my lyfe, it canna be borne;
Ye manseless woman, gae tell my men
To fling the catyffe o'er the Denn,
And let him perish i' the deip,
For raisand the Ladye o' Dun frae her sleip."
The Damischell lookit sae wae and sae meik,
And a pearl of pity stood clear on ilk cheek,
—"Shall I tell him, Ladye, to wend o'er the lea,
And he winna come back for bountith or fee;
The sillie auld carle, may peace gie wi' him,
I'm sure, dear Ladye, this time you'll forgie him."
Hir voice was sae sweit, and scho bendit hir knee,
And the moisture of truthe dimm'd hir bonny blue e'e,
Quhilk glissent lyke the sunne thro' a cloud in June,
Or the milder radiance of the moone,
As scho rides in the heavens all alone,
And the thinne mysts of summer sail round hir throne
Ane angell from God mocht hae kist that sweit face,
And returnit to Heiven all pure from the embrace—
"Swythe, out of my presence! ye heard quhat I said,"
Quod the Ladye—"Tis meit that my behests be obeyed."
The men they had dancit to the Mynstrell's laye,
But readie their Ladye's behests to obeye—
Thae fleichin, sinfu', murtherous men,
They flung the Harper o'er the Denn,
And loot him perische i' the deip,
For raisand the Ladye o' Dun frae her sleip.
He priggit for mercie—he pray'd for grace,

Quhile the tearis run doune his aged face;
He vowit to Heiven he maint nae offence,
And biggit the men to lett him gae hence—
To hirple his waas to the cot-house doore,
And cheir with his layes the semple and poore;
For thoch his comforts here were but few
His bosome beat to nature trewe.
"Nae mercie here," quod the men, "can be given,
But we hope, auld man, you'll meit it in heiven;
Our Ladye's behests we are bound to obey,
Albeit we hae dancit to your roundelay;
Then stryke on your harpe the last sound of woe,
Before that you sleip in your cauld bed below."
The Laird o' Dun had power of the law:
The Mynstrell was flung in, harp and a';
The Mynstrell he groan'd, and his harp it rung,
And mute for aye was his tonefu' tongue!
A waesome syght it was to see
Him launchit sae quick to eternitie!
Ance kythit o'er the streame his beard sae hoare—
Syne his spirit wingit its way to gloare,
And niver mair was that Mynstrell sein;
But aye and anon, at morn and e'en,
His harp it sounded to the breize,
And a figure was sein to glide thro' the trees,
And groans were heard, sae loud and sae deip
The Ladye o' Dun could niver mair sleip;
But aye the mament scho winkit an e'e,
Scho saw before hir as plain as mocht be,
The Mynstrell wide gapin and wreathin in paine,
And suen for mercie he coudna obtaine,
And wringing his hands in wylde despaire,
And waggin his head and his thinne quhyte haire,
Quhyle veive in her fancie wad scho see,
The ghaistlie glowre of his death-set e'e;

And his clay-cauld hand wad presse hir cheike;
Oh then wad scho start frae her badde and shreike,—
"Haud aff that hand! oh, withdraw that e'e;
For Heiven's sake, take him away from me!
His bearde seemis smearit over wi' feame;
Oh! I wish it were, but its nae—a *dreame!*
For he looks sae wyldlie in my face
That I wish to God he had metten wi' grace!
Lord! send to my saul the balsame of peace;
Oh, quhen shall I fynde it? Neur—neur!
It has fledde this bosom for eur and eur!

THE BARK.

Oh, red, red was the rising sun,
And red the earth he shone upon,
And red the ocean beneath him roll'd,
And its surface was like burnish'd gold;
Yet hoarse and hollow was its roar,
As it gurgl'd against the rocky shore;
For although the wind seem'd fast asleep,
It held its influence over the deep;
And those who heard a sound so hollow,
Prophesied that a storm would follow,
While evermore, as the drowsy wave
Receded from the briny cave,
Soft murmurs stole upon the ear,
Such as the pensive love to hear:
And the raven, perched upon the rock,
To each murmur joined his prophetic croak.

Yet every thing in the sea, in the air
And on the earth was mild, serene, and fair,
So lovely, gentle, bright, and bland,
That I thought myself in fairy land.
A little bark, with seeming glee,
Was rocking on the golden sea,
And spreading wide her snow-white sail
To catch on its breast the coy gale,
But not a breath on its bosom blew;
Albeit the saying is nowise new,
Still women and wind prove often untrue;
And which of them vex poor seamen worst,
If I can tell—may I be*****,
Now methinks I hear the landsmen cry—
"Here is the bathos profound—O fy!
A tarry sailor is the poet."
Say I, that's true, any lubber might know it,"
Yet seamen feel as keen as others,
And why should not seamen and landsmen be brothers.
As yet this bark, with seeming glee,
Was rocking on the golden sea;
And no distinction 'twixt windward and lee,
Around her the playful sea birds lave
Their plumage in the sparkling wave:
And they sported upon the glassy sea,
Like guileless lambs, on the flowery lea;
They dived below, and they rose again,
And they seemed like speckles on the main—
Now disappearing, now returning,
Like the watery beams of an April morning;
But the sail that hung as white and as still
As the snow upon Benvoirlich Hill,
Now shook and flapped against the mast,
Precursor of the coming blast,—
Though from what point that blast might blow,

As yet the steersman did not know.
A blackened blast now blew from the sea,
And soon it was seen the land was the lee.
The bark now lay to the leeward side,
And along the surface began to glide,
Dipping her gunwale in the ocean,
She shot ahead with a rapid motion.
The breast of the sail was full, and now
The waves in wrath were dashed from the prow;
Spitting, splashing, she foundered along—
Strait in each stay, and stiff in every thong.
The hollow sound was heard no more,
But the breakers in vengeance lashed the shore.
The clouds, erewhile of a crimson dye,
Now mustered murky in the sky;
They marched in front of the morning sun,
And his shining for that day was done.
No more the sportive sea birds lave
There plumage in the sunny wave;
The curlew's melancholy wail
Came deep and plantive on the gale—
A solemn, sad, foreboding cry;
The startled mew flew screaming by.
The breast of the ocean gleamed no more
Like a yellow lake of molten ore;
But soon it assumed a dark, dark hue—
I pity that bark and her weary crew.
The wind and the sea still louder roar
There is no safety in seeking the shore,—
A pile of rocks, both bold and steep,
There frown majestic o'er the deep;
And evermore, on the topmost rock,
Is heard the raven's dismal croak.
The lovely morn—the magic light
That gilded the earth and the ocean so bright,

And painted all creation gay—
Like happiness, had passed away;
I look'd yet wistful from the strand,
But I saw no more of fairy land.
Still louder it blew: and the briny spray
Was blown like drift athwart the bay,
White and thick as the winter snow,
That scours the plain when tempests blow;
And often over the deck it flew
In showers upon the dripping crew—
In balls the yesty foam flew past,
Borne to landward on the blast.
A sunken rock in the offing lay,
Unknown to strangers in that bay;
No buoy, nor beacon, erected there,
To guard against the fatal snare.
The labouring bark, with sudden shock,
Was impelled against the hidden rock;
It seemed that an opening in her side,
Voracious, drank the briny tide,—
For she yawned around with a palsied motion,
Then sunk to the bottom of the ocean,
Down to the navel of the bay,
Quick as the sea-fowl after its prey.
As anxious I gazed with pity and awe,
The crew, like specks, on the surface I saw;
I sorrowed to see their woeful case,
And the tears and the spray mixed on my face.
I saw them grapple with the wave,
And I saw them sink to a watery grave!
Their hour was come, and they soundly sleep,
In the roomy bosom of the deep.
I either heard a distant cry,
Or the wail of the wind as it whistled by;
But which of these now matters not—

It cannot change their awful lot.
I listened again, but I heard no more,
Save the howl of the blast and the ocean's roar,
And the scream of the mew and the curlew's wail,
As they flitted past upon the gale;
Then mournfully I bore away,
And I swabbed from my cheeks the tears and the spray,
But I'll never forget what I saw that day.

NATIVE MUSIC.

Ah, strains! for ever, ever dear;
While thus you swell your varied note,
Methinks angelic forms are near,
Aerial warblings round me float!

Now sadly sweet the numbers glide,
And pity mourns the tender woes
Of her who wept a "widowed bride,"
Where soft the classic Yarrow flows.

And now the strains, in tears they steep,
For him who leaves his native shore:
Who, doomed to cross the western deep,
Shall never see Lochaber more.

Breathe, gentle airs! and draw the tear
For her, the maid in beauty's pride,
Who mourns her absent lover dear,
By Logan's fairy-haunted side.

Symphonious sounds! whose warbled strain
Comes caroled sweet from yonder glade;
Ye bring my childhood back again—
Ye speak of days for ever fled!

Days of delight! when free to stray
Where slow the North Esk winds along,
I listened to your love-lorn lay—
I joyed to hear your Doric song.

So the poor Swiss, as pensive slow,
He journeys o'er some foreign clime,
If chance he hear these wild notes flow,
That soothed him on his hill sublime.

So with delighted ear attends;
So courts their magic melody;
Bethinks him of his home and friends,
And gives them sad, a tear—a sigh.

THE DREAM.

———Hence, terrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence! SHAKSPEARE.

Last night I dreamed a dream of horror. Methought,
That at the hour of midnight, the bell tolled,
With slow and solemn peal; and straight, beneath
The pale cold moon, a thousand spectres moved,
In "dread array," along "the church way path,"
All swathed in winding-sheets as white as snow—
A ghastly crew! Methought I saw the graves
Yawn and yield up their charge; and I heard the
Coffins crack, and the deadal drapery
Rustle against their hollow sides, like the
Wing of the renovated *Chrysoly*,
As they flutter against the ruins of
Their winter dormitory, when the voice
Of spring awakes them from their drowsy couch,
To float aloft upon the buxom air.
Although the round full moon shone bright and clear,
Yet did none of the these awful phantoms cast

Their shadows on the wan and silent earth ;
Nor was the passing breeze interrupted
By their presence. Some skimmed along the earth ;
And others sailed aloft on the thin air ;
And I observed, when they came between me
And the moon, they interrupted not her
Pale rays ; for I saw her majestic orb
Distinct, round, and clear, through their indistinct
And airy forms ; and although they moved
Betwixt me and the tomb-stones, yet I read
Their sculpture (deeply shaded by the bright
And piercing beams of the moon) as distinctly
As if nought, dead or living, interposed
Between my eyes and the cold monuments.
The bell ceased to toll ; and when the last peal
Died away on the ear, those awful forms
Congregated in various groups, and seemed
To hold converse. The sound of their voices
Was solemn and low, and they spoke the language
Of the " days of other years." In seeming
Woe, they spoke of events long gone by ; and
Marvelled at the changes that had taken
Place, since they left this mortal scene, to sleep
Within the dark and narrow house. Voices
Issued from the mould, where no forms were seen :
These were still more hollow and sepulchral :
They were as the sound of the cold, bleak wind,
In the dark and danky vaults of death, when
It moans low and mournful, through the crannies
Of their massive doors, shattered by the hand
Of time—a serenade for owls most meet,
And such the raven loves, and hoarsely croaks
His hollow response from the blasted yew.
Often have I heard, when but a stripling,
'Twas meet to speak a troubled ghost, to give
It peace to sleep within the silent grave.
With clammy brow, and joints palsied with fear,
I said, in broken accents—" What means this
Awful congress, this wild and wan array
Of shadowy shapes, gliding here, and moaning
At the silent, solemn hour of midnight ?
Have the crying sins and unwhipt crimes
Of mortals in these latter days, reached you
Ev'n in the grave, where silence ever reigns,

At least as we believe? Or complain ye
Of holy rites unpaid,—or of the crowd
Whose careless steps these sacred haunts profane?"
—Straight a fleshless hand, cold as ice, was pressed
Upon my lips: and the spectres vanished
Like dew before the morning sun: and as
They faded on my sight a sound was heard
Like the peal of many organs, solemn,
Loud, and sonorous; or like the awful
Voice of thunder in the sky,—or mighty
Tempest, roaring in a boundless forest,
Uprooting trees, razing habitations,
And sweeping the earth with desolation;
Or like the voice of millions, raised in song:
Or the dark ocean, howling in its wrath:
Or, rather, like all these together, in
One wild concert joined. Now the mighty coil
Died gradually away, till it resembled
The last murmur of the blast on the hill:
Of storms, when it lulls itself to rest; and
The echo of its wrath is faintly heard
In the valley: or the last sigh of the
Æolean harp, when the breeze, that erewhile
Kissed its trembling strings, is spent and breathless!
The next whisper was still lower: and the last
Was so faint and feeble that nothing seemed
To live between it and silence itself.
The awful stillness was more appalling
Than its dread perourser: and I awoke
In terror! But I never shall forget
What I heard and saw in that horrid dream.

FAREWELL SONNET.*

Farewell, maid, thy love has vanish'd—
Gone off like the morning dew;
Farewell, maid, my peace is banish'd—
Adieu! a sad, a long adieu!

Weary world, I now must leave thee;
Sun and moon, a long farewell;
Farewell, maid, no more I'll grieve thee,
Soon you'll hear my funeral knell.

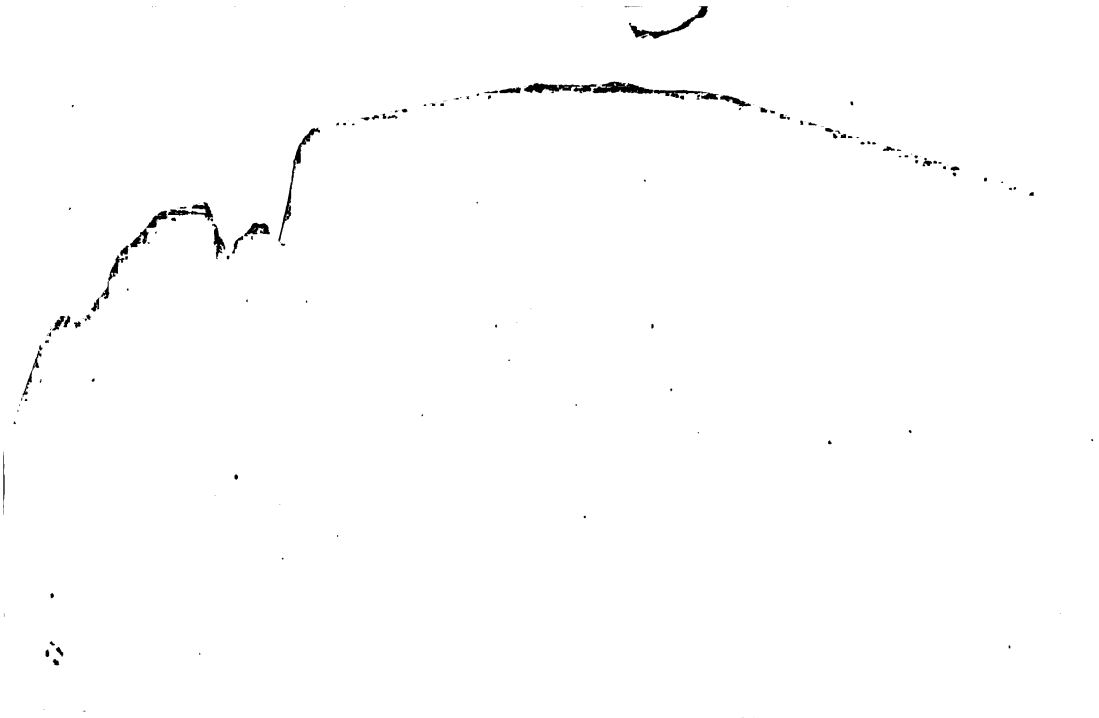
Soon the lips that oft have kiss'd thee,
Mouldering in the dust will lie;
And the heart that oft hath bless'd thee
Soon must cease to heave a sigh.

Soon the tongue that still rehearses
All thy beauty, fickle fair,—
Soon the hand that writes these verses
Shall to kindred dust repair.

Friends that constant were, and true aye,
Fare-you-well, my race is run:
Heartless, lorn, benighted, weary;
Every earthly hope is gone.

Gloomy grave, you'll soon receive me,
All my sorrows here shall close;
Here no fickle fair shall grieve me:
Here my heart shall find repose.

* The above Farewell Poem was written by the Author a short time before his death, in anticipation of that event.



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